The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor. CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor. } OFFICE, Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. $2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

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THE

SATURDAY GAZETTE,

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR,

BELLEVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ESPECIALLY OF LOCAL INTERESTS.

All Poetic and Local questions, including political and social, sanitary and reformatory, educational and industrial topics, will be clearly presented and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only acceptable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of Essex county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns that is unworthy of cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all public School Teachers in the county, will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address to our office. *No postage to subscribers within the County of Essex.*

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a valuable medium. Our circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere.

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july25

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For the Saturday Gazette.

The Bells of Lynne

On the cold northern coast of the Atlantic, where the rough waves roll in, and with careless sounding break upon the rugged shore, stood the village of Lynne. It has grown to be a town now, and in the busy thriving seaport, one can no longer recognize the little harbor of years ago.

Yet if you take your way down along the side of the sea, where a few small fishermen's cottages are still scattered here and there, you may hear floating stories of the days long past, and the legends of old Lynne.

Among the many tales treasured up in memories of the present dwellers is one they always love to tell—the Bells of Lynne.

In the earliest days of the village when a few rude huts or cottages made up the little place, it was situated, not where the town is now, but about a mile south. There the country inland seemed shut off from the sea by immense, high cliffs that towered with threatening aspect over the clustering homes of fishermen and sailors, nestling at their feet. A long stretch of sand lay spread out before the cliffs, reaching down to the restless expanse of water; and far back over their summits a brown waste of fields led to a dreary forest of moaning pines.

But as years rolled on, Time, the moulder and carver of all things, wrought his wonderful changes. New settlers came, the fields were cultivated, the woods hewn down; and on the shore above, where peaceful waters afforded safe anchorage, the spires and building of a town, which still keeps growing and extending like magic, rose.

About halfway up the cliff, a broad ledge extended along their side for quite a distance. Here, in the shelter of the hard rock walls, a high stone tower was built, and on its lofty top a massive iron bell was hung. When the treacherous waves crept too far over the marking rocks, and dashed with maddened force along the shrinking coasts, its deep, loud tones might be heard far away, pealing forth and mingling with the tumultuous roar of the ocean. Many times on dark and stormy nights, its timely warning kept from a fearful fate the vessels and boats that were being driven in upon the land by the violence of the sea.

At last, as the village increased in numbers, a little church was joined to the old tower, and another bell hung therein. Its tone was clear and high, and the ringing notes were often heard calling all to come to the service of Love, under the shadow of the shining cross that pointed ever from the tower up to the Peaceful Land. When a long-looked for ship sailed into the upper port, and absent ones returned, its sweet sounds floated downward, bearing the good news to each glad heart.

So it came to pass that the people grew to love their bells, and listened with joy when the pure voice of the one blended its music with the rippling flash of the waves in their ebb and flow; but a cold shudder ran through their hearts when the solemn, heavy clang of the other went forth over the gloomy, muttering sea, and filled each soil with dread forebodings.

Jasper Keene was the name of the old bell-ringer; his strong arm it was that for nearly a score of years had performed that service faithfully. His little cottage stood close by the tower and church. Here he lived through the quiet days with his "son's wife, Elizabeth." For "Jamie" had followed the seas many years and seldom was at home for any length of time.

Thus the weeks and months flew past, and brought little change to the cottage under the cliff, except that the arm of the old man was gradually losing its strength, and a few silver threads gleamed in the dark hair of Elizabeth. The short visits, few and far between, of the sailor husband, when his ship returned from distant voyages, brought sunshine and joy to the humble home, leaving a beam of happiness behind to lighten the cloud of sorrow at his departure.

At these times "Jamie's son," Willie, the comfort of old Jasper and Elizabeth, would catch the ardor of desire for an ocean life, and from his father's tales, a glow of excitement that his mother marked with trembling. At last, when "Little Willie" had grown into a tall, hearty lad, he too sailed away "to make his fortune on the seas," and the old bell ringer and his daughter were left desolate and alone.

One black autumn night, the clouds that had been gathering thick and dark throughout the dreary day suddenly burst over land and sea, in a wild and fearful storm. The fishing boats and large vessels that were out from the shore were driven mercilessly by tempestuous force in toward the dangerous coast. But no bell sent forth its usual peal upon the troubled air; in the old tower not the faintest glimmer of a light could be discerned. The inhabitants of Lynne down in the village waited long and breathlessly, but in vain.

Unexpectedly, the white-winged, unseen messenger had come to the cottage by the church, and old Jasper lay dying. Chained to his side, Elizabeth heeded not the rage and violence of the elements without, until a rolling crash of thunder aroused her very soul. A quick firm impulse seized her. Tearing herself from the tightening, stiffening grasps of the old man, with nought to shield or protect her, she rushed forth into the intense awfulness of the night. A few steps brought her to the tower. Up the dizzy, winding flights of stairs she climbed, until the top was gained. A white hand stretching through the darkness, the faintest murmer of a prayer, and down over the crags to the wandering villagers, went forth one deep, resounding clang. The blasting artillery of the skies hurled back defiance; the angry breakers in their roaring swallowed up all other sounds, and with a hopeless wail, like the cry of a despairing soul, the throbbing notes of the bell died away.

Again the people waited, but again in vain. No other stroke fell upon their listening ears through the long, long night.

At last the pitiless storm passed over. The cold grey morning broke, but brought the greatest sorrow to the hearts and homes of Lynne. For a dread sight held the gaze of all—the wreck of a ship strewn over the shore. Here and there among the timbers, half buried in the sand, where rigid forms of brave men who had thus met their awful fate. And high upon the cruel rocks was *one* whom they all had known and loved. Both hands, in a tight, unyielding grasp, were clenched around a broken spar, and over the motionless feet the mocking waves broke in spray.

The little groups of villagers gathered around, and as they looked upon the white face before them, whispered among themselves, pointing up to the cottage under the cliffs. Many wept and sighed as they told each other how those bold men who had dared the storm had found the "poor wife," Elizabeth, senseless at the top of the stairs in the old tower, and by her a broken piece of rope; for that which had so long borne the strong pull at last had given way, even at the moment when the "silver cord" of the life of the old bell-ringer had snapped in twain. They had borne her down to the cottage and found there the lifeless body of her father. Now another one was taken, and they asked: "Who should go and bear the news of woe to the stricken one?" Two women, good and kind, were sent after a while to "tell Elizabeth" and prepare her to receive him who would never more come with greeting. As they drew near to the little house, they saw her standing in the door-way. They paused a moment and thought. How could you speak? But she herself advancing, came to meet them, and before they could utter a word, said softly and slowly: "There is no need of words, my friend. I know it all. He told me himself. He and father went together. Bring his body gently up here. No! I do not need you. Go!" and with a far-off look in her calm eyes she turned and went back into the still house.

In a few days all that was mortal of the old bellringer and Jamie, his son, was hidden forever from sight. Side by side they were laid among the number of silent graves around the little church, and Elizabeth went once more to dwell in her former home in the village.

Often, on pleasant days, a whitehaired woman, a sad smile on her face, sat without the door watching the waves roll in, while her thoughts wandered back to the years when a child, she had played on the shining sands, gathering shells and green seaweed, or, when a happy maiden, she had lingered on the shore at sunset time, with a glance only for *one*, whose boat she *always* knew, as it glided lightly over the waves.

Again she seemed to walk joyfully by his side up the narrow, winding path to the little church, while, above, the sweet-toned bell rang out her marriage song often passing over the dark, shadowed days, she wondered why Willie did not come. Had her *son* gone from her also? The grey hair whiter grew, the smile more sad, but still she patiently waited.

One afternoon as the twilight hour drew nigh, she sat at he usual place looking out upon the ocean, lit by the sinking sun. A group of fishermen's children shouted on the rocks below, and hearing their glad voices, she turned and watched them for a while. Some one was with them coming down the road. A tall strange-looking man; and the little one gazing up into his bronzed and bearded face, pointed to where she sat alone. As he approached nearer, a readiant light broke over her features. Rising hastily, with a few tottering steps, the weary mother fell into the warm embrace of her faithful son.

But no words came in answer to the tender kisses pressed upon her brow; until a little later, lying within the cottage, Willie kneeling by her side, she stretched forth her thin hands, softly stroked his noble, manly face, and murmured: "My Willie! he has come at last." Then in a few moments she added: "What is it I hear? Is it the old bell-ringing so loudly? No, the sound is clearer, sweeter—and Jamie—my Jamie stands near me. Don't you see your father, Willie? He is holding out his hands to me, just as on the day we were wed. Are we going to the church again? Listen, why are the bells ringing so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it is growing dark. No! the light is breaking. It is morning. Willie, my poor boy, I would bless you but He is coming so near. He will do it. It is the King Himself that is waiting for me. Tell them to ring louder, faster. I am coming Lord—Willie—Jamie."

The worn hands dropped, the pale lips were still, as the pure, saintly spirit entered within the gates of that city, whose musical chimes on golden bells rings in the perfect day.

M. D. B.

Desultory.

EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.—I have a suggestion to make respecting exercise for children—exercise that can be made a luxury, and indulged in by children of both sexes. When I was in St. Petersburg, Russia, during the Summer of 1871, I stopped at the Hotel D'Angleterre, which faces the great square surrounding the Church of St. Isaacs. Directly in front of the hotel there was a small public park, embracing some three or four acres. This park was filled with shade trees, shrubbery, flowers, etc., with wide gravel walks lined with seats. Here and there was a large open space of gravel. On rising in the morning, I saw in the centre of all these open spaces a large pile of sand, made in the shape of a round cone, perhaps four feet high, and six feet diameter at the base. Immediately after breakfast I saw large numbers of nurses, with their children, go into the park, while the children—little boys and girls—with their shovels and little wheel-barrows, would begin to work at this pile of sand, and there they would work all day long. By night the whole of this pile would be scattered all over the surrounding gravel. On going to my window next morning, I saw that these cones of sand had all been built up during the night, ready for another day's baby labor.

On inquiry, I learned that this was not a private, but a public park; and that the expense of preparing these cones of sand was borne by the Government; also, that this was not a solitary instance, but that similar parks could be found all over the city. Now, who can estimate the benefit of such forethought? Here is the excitement, the pleasure, the open air, the exercise, and the physical development, and all secured without coercion and under the most careful supervision.

Surely the citizens of the United States should not be behind Russia in intelligent forethought, regarding the health and physical welfare of children. The children of the poor, who have no nurses, have usually abundance of air, such as it is, and considerable out-door exercise; but the children of the rich and the well to-do are kept indoors too much, and have no physical exercise at all. No wonder they grow up pale and puny. The foundation of sound health must be laid in early childhood, and this can only be obtained by vigorous open-air exercise.

Unite pleasurable excitement with labor for children and the end is attained.—G. Q. COZZENS, in the *N. Y. Times.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following are opening sentences of an address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner:

Miss President, feller wimmin, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if men had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless that my stars my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well, 'spose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?"

If I was a betting man, I would bet $2.50 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw into our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said, "'Twan't me; 'twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

A HORSE CHAUNTER.—A fellow being called as a witness in one of the courts, the Judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse chaunter, my lord."

"A what?—a horse chaunter? Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself,"

"Vel, my lord," said he, "I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tectotal stranger, and sez I, 'Vel, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' sez I; 'he's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' sez I; 'only look at 'iz open nostrils—he's got vind like a no go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day and never once think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vel, this tickles the gen'man, and he says to 'imself, 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im, and trots off. Vel, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im 'Vel, vat are you going to stand for that ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vel, that's vat I call 'orse chaunting, my lord; there's rare little 'arm in't; there's a good many sorts on us; some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

USE OF SHALL AND WILL.—As to *shall* and *will*, something may doubtless be done by study, and by taking thought to check bad habits and correct the result of unfortunate associations. The mistake most commonly made in the use of these words, and the one therefore most carefully to be avoided, is the use of *will* for *shall*, and of the corresponding *would* for *should*. *Shall* is much less often used for *will*. And yet in the word *shilly-shally*, which is upon everybody's lips, is petrified the rule and the example in regard to *shall* and *will*. *Shilly-shally* is merely a colloquial corruption of "Shall I? Shall I?" and thus expresses the condition of a man who is vacillating between two courses of conduct. It has been made into a participle, perhaps even into a verb. A man who "stands shilly-shallying about a woman," as the ladies say, is a man who, as they also sometimes say, doesn't know his own mind about her—a mental condition for which the sex has not the highest respect. Now no one would say that a man stood asking himself, "Will I? Will I?" and yet such is essentially the mistake most infrequently made in regard to the use of these words in conversation. We hear people say, "What *will* I do?" and even "*Will* I do" thus or so?—the offenders in these cases being generally of what some people humorously call the Hibernian persuasion—an expression, by the way, for which there is "authority" of very respectable standing and antiquity. Among people of Anglo-Saxon race and of average education the mistake, when made, most commonly takes the indicative form—thus: "I *will* go to bed (elegantly, retire) at ten o'clock to-night," or "We *will* breakfast at eight to-morrow;" instead of "I *shall* go to bed," etc., "We *shall* breakfast," etc. Not quite so often we hear, "I *would* be glad to go," "We *would* be happy to see you" [instead of "I *should* be glad," "We *should* be happy," etc.—*Richard Grant White, in The Galaxy for August.*

A DOG THAT SAID HIS PRAYERS.—The following is vouchsafed for by a correspondent of the Chicago *Interior*:

"I visited a friend here in Hannibal yesterday, and, seeing the New York *Observer* on the table, I asked if she had read 'Irenæus.' 'Well, of all the dog stories I ever read or heard of, I never have known one equal to that of my little Fiddie.'

"On my manifesting a desire to hear it, she said that a number of years ago she had a small dog that was very affectionate in his disposition and domestic in his nature. That during the time she owned him, which was several years, whenever morning or evening prayers were attended to, as soon as her husband, who was a physician, took up the Bible to read a chapter, Fiddie would jump up into her lap, and after kissing her on the cheek, would lie down and keep perfectly still until the doctor finished the chapter; when in an instant he would run to one particular chair, and sitting on his hind feet, would raise his fore feet to the seat of the chair, and placing his paws on each side of each eye, he would remain in that position until the prayer was finished.

"Then he would retire to some other part of the house, apparently perfectly contented with himself and everything about him. This little fellow slept in the bedroom of Mrs. G's sister; and each night before retiring would go to the washstand and hold up his paws until some one washed them for him."

LOUIS KOSSUTH.—THE BANISHED SISTERS.—It is not generally known that Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, has a sister living in New Jersey, in a pretty little villa between Scotch Plains and Plainfield, on the Central Railroad. This lady, Mme. Ruttkay, has just returned from a two years' visit in Europe, where her time has been spent between the villa of her brother Louis, near Turin, Italy, and the residences of her nieces at Pesth, the capital of Hungary. The decree of banishment, forbidding the return of Mme. Ruttkay, who by the way is a most cultivated and accomplished lady, is almost an American, having lived for twenty years in this country. She has two sons living here, one in the West, and one East, who have both American wives.

After Kossuth had gone to England in 1852, his mother, Madame Kossuth continued to reside at Pesth, with her daughters. Reduced to the utmost necessity, they were obliged to keep a boarding house in town, by which they earned a scanty livelihood; the little they could spare they bestowed upon the sick and wounded Honoeds, the remains of the Hungarian army, who had been left to starve. These acts of kindness excited the suspicion of the Austrians, and at the very time at which Kossuth was embarking for America, his two sisters, Madame Ruttkay and Madame Meszlenyi, were suddenly thrown into prison. Madame Ruttkay was a widow, the mother of five young children and Madame Meszlenyi, of two; after an imprisonment of two months at Vienna, and when no proofs could be found against them, they were released under a sentence of perpetual banishment from Hungary. Provided with passports, they with their mother, went under the surveillance of an Austrian officer, to Belgium, where they spent nearly a year in Brussels, supporting themselves by embroidery and selling lace. Liberal sums were presented to Kossuth while in America for their assistance; and before his return to Europe, his eldest sister, Madame Meszlenyi (since dead) and her husband and children crossed the Atlantic. The mother died at Brussels. Subsequently the remaining daughters, Madames Ruttkay and Tsulafsky (since dead), came to America.

RAILROAD MATTERS—THE SWITCH.—Statistics show that there are about 75,000 miles of completed railroad in the United States, having on an average, one switch per mile, making in the aggregate 75,000 switches. It is a conceded fact that the open or mis-placed switch is by far the most productive cause of casualties, and no doubt that the aggregate cost of these accidents, saying nothing of the loss of life, would justify railroad companies in paying almost any price for a switch that would be safe and reliable under any and all circumstances. A Mr. Beatty is the patentee of a switch which he claims will serve all the ends desired. The merits of the switch are that it is simple, cheap, durable and safe, and can not get out of order; that under no circumstances, owing to misplacement of the switch, can a train be thrown from the track or ditched.

At the test mentioned several of our most prominent citizens, railroad men and representatives of the press, were present and announced themselves perfectly satisfied with the result. Trains run through with the switch placed in every conceivable way, open and shut, and in every instance, kept the track, receiving apparently no jar, and giving no strain upon the rail. In fact the switch is so constituted as to form a continuous rail whether open or shut, and though simple of construction, it is one of the most ingenious inventions ever perfected.

A DEAD DOG'S POWER.—A Worcester boy was engaged in noctural cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree, and retired to watch the result of his strategy. The boy, about descending, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced. He whistled, coaxed, threatened, unavailingly, the animal never moving; and finally, the youth, accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed, wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree, coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

Items of Interest.

California is successfully raising banana trees.

Mennonites have bought 150,000 acres of land in Kansas.

Work upon the Brooklyn bridge is now being prosecuted with great vigor.

The ponds and lakes of Sussex County New Jersey, abound with wild ducks.

Over 5,000 Mennonites have passed thro' Chicago, on their way to Dakota, and more are still coming.

Orders hove been issued transferring the head quarters of the U. S. Army, on and after October 1st, to St. Louis.

In Bohemia, not less than 100,000 acres of very valuable wood have been destroyed by the ravages of a boring worm.

New York city will expend $3,683,000 this year in the education of about 94,000 scholars. There are 2,353 teachers.

The whole number of deaths in the State of New Jersey during the year 1873 was 14,000, of which 455 were accidental.

Hayden's geographical expedition in the far West is being vigorously prosecuted, and is gathering many scientific facts together.

The sum of $700,000 is expended annually in the City of Minneapolis, Minn., for flour barrels. One mill firm alone pays about $125,000 annually for cooperage.

The direct shipment of grain to Europe from the southern region of California has begun. Hitherto the grain from that quarter was sent to San Francisco for export.

Bishop Cummins preached recently to a very large audience in Binghampton. Several churches of other denominations held no services in order that their congregations might hear the Bishop.

A swarm of bees have established themselves on the top of a Cincinnati church steeple. What a chance for a sermon on the Bee-attitudes, and what a hint to the congregation that they should humbe be!

The members of the Austrian Polar Expedition declare that explorations in the direction of the North Pole are hopeless of a satisfactory result, and that the reports of the existence of an open Polar sea are untrue.

The broadside of a wreck, supposed to be that of a large schooner, without masts, sails or rigging, was floating in the sun opposite Bridgehampton, L. I. No man was visible on the wreck, and there were no signs of human life about it.

The Tomb Thumb troupe has just made a three year's tour around the world, during which they traveled 55,480 miles, and gave 1,471 entertainments. During the trip they did not meet with a single accident, nor lose a single appointment by sickness.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 28,—The protracted dry weather has prevented the plowing of sod grounds for wheat and delayed the sowing in corn grounds in all the Ohio Valley. On account of the failure of pastures, much live stock has been put upon the market which otherwise would have been kept over Winter.

Bishop Henry W. Lee, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Iowa, died at his residence in Davenport, on Saturday last.—Bishop Lee had occupied the Bishopric of Iowa since 1855. He was formerly settled in the ministry in Springfield, Mass., and Rochester, New York. He had a fall some weeks since, seriously injuring his hand, an abscess followed and death was the result.

A new recreation has been introduced at sea shore resorts. Having exhausted proverbs and charades, a gentleman offered to wager that he had slept in more towns in Massachusetts than any person present. Slips of paper and pencils were in demand and the result was he won. He then bet he had slept in more towns in New England, and then in the United States, and finally in the world, but he lost. Try it.

The building in Washington for the British Embassy, said to be the handsomest and costliest residence in the city, has been finished, and will be ready for the occupancy of Sir Edward Thornton on the first of October. It has cost about $150,000, and the furnishing half that sum. It has seventy rooms and, covers about ten thousand square feet of ground. It is of pressed brick, laid in black mortar, and is trimmed with light gray sand-stone.

Recently in the town of China, Maine, two oxen, who got their horns interlocked, were unable to seperate themselves, and stood eight days without food or drink, before being extricated from their unpleasant position, when they were in a famished condition. The ground showed signs of a fearful struggle, and they had doubtless fought for days till their strength entirely gave out. They were separated and may possibly live.

The International Rifle match which has been so much talked of during the past two or three months, between the renowned Irish team, and the American team selected by the National Rifle Association, took place at Creedmoor, resulting in a victory for the Americans, by three points.—The contest was the closest ever recorded and the shooting said to be the best. There were six marksmen on each side. The distances were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Forty-five rounds were fired, and the number of points scored were, by the Americans 934 and by the Irish 931. The Irish were the champion shooters of the world, being the winners of the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon, and they gave the challenge to the Americans.

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